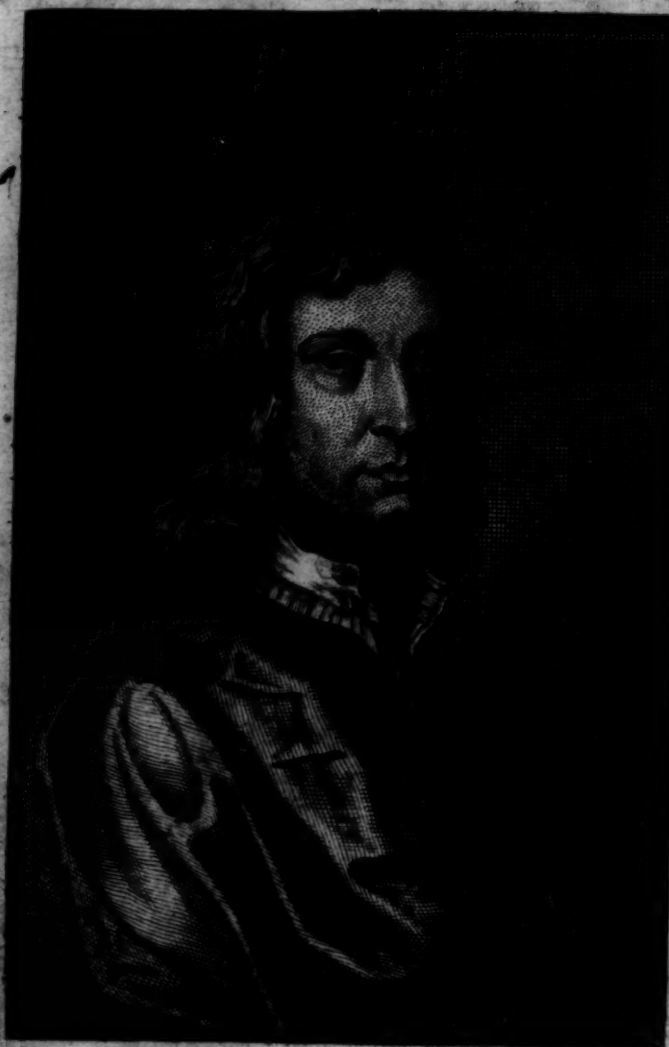
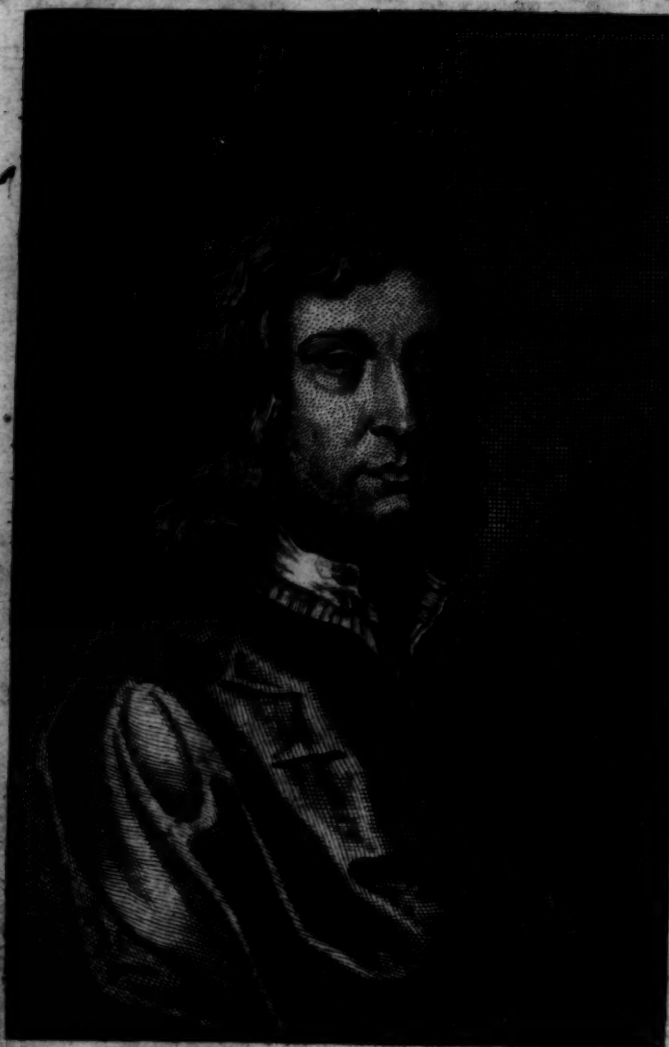




Mr John Philips

Mr. Crocker's



Mr John Philips

M. G. G. G. G.

James The Whole *Friend*
WORKS
OF

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS,
Late Student of *Christ-Church, Oxon.*

V I Z.

- I. The **SPLENDID SHILLING**: An Imitation of **MILTON**.
- II. **BLENHEIM**: A Poem, inscrib'd to the R^t Honourable *Robert Harley, Esq;*
- III. **CYDER**: A Poem. In Two Books.
- IV. **ODE** ad *Henricum St. John, Armig^r.*
- V. The same Translated by Mr. *Newcomb.*

To which is prefixed his **LIFE**,
By Mr. **SEWELL**.



L O L D O N:

Printed for *J. Tonson* in the Strand, and *T. Fauncy* at the *Angel* without Temple-Bar.

M. DCC. XX.

The Whole

WORKS

OF

MR. JOHN PHILLIPS

Lecturer in Christ Church, Oxon.

VIZ.

I. THE SPIRITUAL SINGING: An

Imitation of the Psalms.

II. BLESSING POEMS, inscrib'd to
the Rector of the Parish of St. Mary, Ely.

III. CYDER: A Poem. In Two Books.

IV. ODE to the Anniversary of St. John, Arundel.

V. The same Translated by Mr. New-

comb.

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Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand, and T. J. at the Angel without Temple-Bar.

M. DCC. XX.



THE
LIFE
OF
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.



AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleasure, and reflected upon them with Improvement, we are naturally apt to enquire into his Life, the Manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To satisfy this general Inclination, and do some Ju-

ii *The L I F E of*

Since to the Memory of Mr. Philips, we shall give the World a short Account of Him, and his few, but excellent Compositions. Sufficient they were, though few, to his Fame, but not to our Wishes.

He was the Son of Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop, born at Bampton in Oxfordshire, December 30th, Anno 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar Learning, he was sent to Winchester School, where he made himself Master of the Latin and Greek Languages, and was soon distinguished for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies which he discovered in the best Classical Authors.

With this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promises of a farther Improvement in all useful Studies, he was removed to Christ-Church in Oxford. From his first Entrance into that University, he was very much esteemed for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Genius. All his University Exercises were received with Applause; and in that Place, so famous

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. iii

mous for good Sense, and a true Spirit, he, in short time, grew to be superiour to most of his Contemporaries; where, to have been their Equal only, had been a sufficient Praise. There it was, that following the natural Bent of his Genius, beside other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with Mr. *Milton*, whom he studied with Application, and traced him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. There was not an Allusion in his *Paradise Lost*, drawn from the Thoughts or Expressions of *Flamer* or *Virgil*, which he could not immediately refer to; and by that, he perceived what a peculiar Life and Grace their Sentiments added to *English* Poetry; how much their Images raised its Spirit; and what Weight and Beauty their Words, when translated, gave to its Language. Nor was he less curious in observing the Force and Elegancy of his Mother-Tongue, but, by the Example of his Darling *Milton*, searched backwards into the Works of our Old *English* Poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant

iv *The LIFE of*

Expressions, and prove the due Extent and Compass of the *Language*. For this purpose, he carefully read over *Chaucer*, and *Spenser*; and, afterwards, in his Writings, did not scruple to revive any Words, or Phrases, which he thought deserved it, with that modest Liberty, which *Horace* allows of, either in the Coining of new, or Restoring of ancient Expressions. Yet tho' he was a professed Admirer of these Authors, it was not from any View of appearing in Publick; for such was his Modesty, that he was the only Person who did not think himself qualified for it: He read for his own Pleasure; and Writing was the only thing he declined, wherein he was capable of pleasing others. Nor was he so in love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Usefulness, or his own Genius, excited him to pursue. He was very well versed in the whole Compass of Natural Philosophy; and seemed, in his Studies, as well as his Writings, to have made *Virgil* his Pattern, and often to have
broke

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. V

broke out with him into the following
rapturous Wish ;

*Mæ verò primùm dulce ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant ; cælique vias & sidera monstrent ;
Defectus Solis varios, Lunæque labores :
Undè tremor terris ; quâ vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant :
Quid tantum Océano properent se tingere Soles
Hyberni ; vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*

Georg. lib. II.

*Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know,
The Depths of Heaven above, the Earth below.
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.
Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
And in what dark Recess they shrink again.*

What

vi *The LIFE of*

*What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays,
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.*

Dryden.

Mr. *Phillips* was no less passionate an Admirer of Nature ; and, it is probable, that he drew his own Character, in that Description which he gives of a Philosophical and Retired Life, at the latter End of the First Book of his *CYDER*.

*He to his Labours lies,
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Human Race.-----*

And we have good Reason to believe, that much might have been attained to, many new Discoveries made, by so diligent

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. (vij)

ligent an Enquirer, and so faithful a Recorder of Physical Operations. However, tho' Death prevented our Hopes in that respect, yet the admirable Passages of that kind, which we find in his Poem on *CYDER*, may convince us of the Niceness of his Observations in Natural Causes: Beside this, he was particularly skilled in all manner of Antiquities, especially those of his own Country; and Part of this too, he has, with much Art and Beauty, intermix'd with his Poetry.

As to his private Character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved, and silent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and easy with his Friends: The first was, the effect of his Modesty; the latter, of his chearful Innocence: The one was, the proper Caution of a Wise Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averse to contentious Disputes; and thought no Time so ill spent, and no Wit so ill used, as that which was employed in such Debates

bates. Thus he never contributed to the Uneasiness of his Company, but often to their Instruction, always to their Pleasure. As on the one hand, he declined all Strokes of *Satire*; so, on the other, he detested Flattery as much; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or servile one, at the expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity, indeed, was his distinguishing Character; and made him as dear to all good Men, as his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Sense, and Letters.

Upon all these Accounts, during his Stay in the University, he was honoured with the Acquaintance of the best and politest Men in it; many of whom, who now make considerable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no disgrace to have their Names mentioned, as Mr. Philip's Friends. And here we must not omit that particular Friendship which he contracted with Mr. *Edmund Smith*, Author
of

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. ix

of the incomparable Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*; and who, upon his Decease, celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem; and soon after, followed him to the Grave. These Two often communicated their Thoughts to each other; and as their Studies lay the same way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and Improvement. For, as the Mind takes no greater Pleasure than in a free and unreserved Discovery of its own Notions, so it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a sincere Friend. This, we make no doubt, was as pleasant as any part of Mr. Philip's Life, who had a Soul capable of relishing all the finest Enjoyments of sublime, vertuous, and elegant Spirits. I am sure, Mr. Smith, in his Poem to his Memory, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loss of it.

*Whom shall I find unbyass'd in Dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?*

x *The LIFE of*

*To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,
Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes ?*

*Oh ! in that Heav'nly Youth for ever ends
The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.*

It is to be deplored, indeed, that Two great Geniuses, in whose power it was to have obliged the World so much, should make so short a Stay in it ; tho' had their Date been longer, we can hardly say, that Time would have added any thing but Number to their Compositions. It was their Happiness to give us all their Pieces perfect in their Kind ; the Accuracy of their Judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest Care and Correctness. For hasty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, seldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at best, Food only for debauched and vitiated Palates. These Men thought, and considered a before they sat down to write ; and after they had written too, being ever the last

Per-

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. X

Persons who were satisfied that they had performed well ; and even then, perhaps, more in compliment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

But it is now time that we lead our Author from his University Friend to some of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an equal Applause and Admiration. The Reason of his coming to Town, was the Perswasion of some Great Persons, who engaged him to write upon the Battle of *BLEINHEIM*; and, how well their Expectations were answered, it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his Works. 'Tis enough at present to observe, that this P O E M brought him into Favour and Esteem with * Two of the most eminent Encouragers and Patrons of Letters that have appeared in our Age: The one, famous for his Political Knowledge and Universal Learning; the other, distinguished for the different Talents of

* *Earl of Oxford. And Viscount Bolingbroke.*

xij *The L I F E of*

a refined and polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Business, joyned with an exquisite and successful Penetration in Affairs of the highest Concern.

However, tho' he was much respected by these, and other Noble Patrons, yet from the modest Distrust he entertained of himself, it was not without some pain that he enjoyed their Company; and the fear of offending, oftentimes made him less studious of pleasing. Such was the humble Opinion that he conceived of his own good Qualities, that it made them less conspicuous to others; as if he was ashamed that his Vertues were greater; he chose rather to obscure those which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental Light which they deserved. I speak this only with respect to his Conversation with his Superiors, who, knowing his true Worth, were more pleased with his Endeavours to disguise it, than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious Gaiety that Men of much Wit, but little Humility, and good Breeding, generally affect. As
this

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xiiij

this decent Silence did not prejudice the Great against his Wit, so neither did his unsollicitous Easiness in his Fortune, at all hinder the Marks of their Favour and Munificence. True it is, that he never praised any one with a sordid View, nor ever sacrificed his Sincerity to his Interest, having a Soul above ennobling the Vicious ; and as he gave his Characters with the Spirit of a *Poet*, he observed at the same time the Fidelity of an *Historian*. This, indeed, was a Part which distinguished him as much from almost all other Poets, as his Manner of Writing did ; he being one of those few who were equally averse to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of his way for a Panegyrick, or forced his Invention to be subservient to his Gratitude ; but interwove his Characters so well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them so justly to the Merit of the Persons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a Piece with the *Poem*. If it be reckoned difficult to praise well ; for our Author not to err, in such a Variety,

xiv *The L I F E of*

ty, is much more so, and looks like the masterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all sorts of Beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the Metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his Colours, nothing stiff or affected in his Manner; and all the Lineaments are so exact, that an indifferent Eye may, at first View, discover who sat for the Picture.

From this general View of his Writings, I shall now pass on to particular; of which it is to be wished, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an eminent Preacher, who, out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevailed upon to print but one Sermon, (the best, perhaps, that ever passed the Press) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. CRADOCK's WORKS. The same, with much Justice, may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent *Author* has published; and which

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. XV

which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse and negligent Writers.

The first of these, was the SPLENDID SHILLING; a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his way of adorning it was, and which, in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudiced Judges of this Age, is the *finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language* †; nor was it only the finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a Manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations; the Sentiments and Style being in this both new; whereas in those, the Jest lies more in Allusions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expression. The same Humour is continued through the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that Variety of Circumstances, which his fruitful Invention must suggest

† See the *Tatler*, Numb. 250.

xvj *The LIFE of*

suggest to him on such a Subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and some, that none but his inimitable Dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it, we are betrayed into a Pleasure that we could not expect ; though, at the same time, the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which they provoke.

*In her best Light the comick Muse appears;
When she, with borrow'd Pride, the * Buskin
(wears.*

This was the first Piece that made him known to the World ; and tho' printed from an incorrect Copy, gained him an universal Applause ; and (as every thing new in its kind does) set many Imitators to work ; yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A genuine Edition of it came out

* See Mr. Smith's Poem, before-mentioned.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xvij

out some Years after ; for he was not so solicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which by the Earnest he received from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

The next of his Poems was that, entituled *BLEINHEIM*; wherein he shews, that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style as properly on a serious and heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous Nature. We have said before, at whose Request this was wrote: tho' he would willingly have declined that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitements of his Friends prevailed upon him, to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece, is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Aeneid*, (if that be *VIRGIL*'s) and that of *SPENSER*'s *Fairy Queen*.

From low and abject Themes the grov'ling Muse

Now mounts Aërial, to sing of Arms

Trium-

xviii] *The LIFE of*
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's Hero; -----

The Spirit is kept on the same to the End; the Whole being full of Noble Sentiments, and Majestick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extolls; and not admitting of any Rival (except Mr. Addison's Campaign) on the same Occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of *VIRGIL*, in his Digression upon the Poetical *Elizium*, where the famous ---- *Tu Mercellus eris* ---- is so happily translated and applied, that it shews the Spirit of *VIRGIL* better than all the Labours of his Commentators: There, speaking of the late Marquis of *BLANDFORD*, he says;

Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,

Shouldst CHURCHILL be! -----

The Addresses to his Patrons are very fine and artificial; the first, just and proper;

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xix

proper; and the latter of *English* MEMMIUS, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the Polite Part of Mankind agree, in applying that of the *Roman*;

----- *Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his *CYDER*, it is one (if not the only) finish'd Poem, of that Length, extant in our Language; the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the first Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the second, for the most part, in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Passion he had to do some Honour to his Native Country; and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius and Art to make it complete. It is founded upon the Model of *VIRGIL's Georgicks*; and comes the nearest of any other, to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Aeneid*. Yet, tho' it is easy to discern who was his Guide in that
c 2 difficult

xx *The LIFE of*

difficult Way, we may observe, that he comes after, rather like a Pursuer than a Follower, not tracing him Step after Step, but choosing those Paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being servile, tho' sometimes very close; at other times, he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleasing, perhaps, than his Masters themselves were to those who first saw that Work. The Conduct and Management are superiour to all other Copyers of that Original; and, even the admired *RAPIN* is much below him both in Design and Success; for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations of his own; and has, in Contradiction to his own Rules of Criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime Style of *VIRGIL* with the elegant Turns of *OVID* in his *Metamorphosis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr. *COWLEY* succeeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who, besides the
same

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. (xxj)

same Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from one sort of Verse to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, tho' allow'd to be useful, are yet so numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verse, and sink it from a *Poem* to a Treatise of *Physick*. It is not out of Envy to the Merit of these great Men (and who will ever be such in spite of Envy) that we take Notice of these Mistakes, but only to shew the Judgment of him who followed them, in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever Scenes he presents us with, appear delicate and charming; the Philosophical Touches surprize, the Moral instruct, and the Gay Descriptions transport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth; at others, he paints its Surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower Products, and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleasures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature and Variety

riety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a Contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husbandman, the Industry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due Praises of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and Statesmen, to raise and ennoble the Poetry. The Change of Seasons, and their Distinctions, introduced by the Rising and Setting of the Stars, the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempests, are in their several Places very ornamental, and their Descriptions inferiour only to those of *VIRGIL*.

It would be difficult, as well as useless, to give particular Instances of his Imitations of the last mentioned Poet: Men of Taste and Learning will themselves observe them with Pleasure; and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the Illiterate; to the one, it would be a sort of an Affront; to the other, but an insipid Entertainment. *MILTON*, we are informed, could repeat the best Part of *HOMER*; and the
Person

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xxiiij

Person of whom we write, could do the same of *VIRGIL*, and by continually reading him, fortunately equalled the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient Answer to those who wish this *Poem* had been wrote in *Rhyme*, since then it must have lost half its Beauties; it being impossible, but that the same undistinguishable Tenour of Versification, and Returns of Close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical Ear. The best Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions against *Rhyme*; even they who used it with the greatest Admiration and Success, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant, to what a Height some modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to express the most sublime *Ideas*; yet this has been in much shorter Poems than the present; and I doubt not, but the same Persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far enter into the Dispute concerning the Preference of these different Manners

ners of Writing, as to state and answer the Objections on each side. It is true, Mr. *DRYDEN* thought that *MILTON*'s Choice of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inability to *Rhyme* well; and, as a good Reason might easily be given for his own Choice; it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Mystery of one, and could have been but Second in the other.

However, we leave this Question to be decided by those, whose Studies and Designs to excell in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry: For my part, I think it no more a Disreputation to Mr. *PHILIPS*, that he did not write in *Rhyme*, than it is to *VIRGIL*, that he has not composed *Odes* or *Elegies*. The Bent of our Genius is what we ought to pursue; and if we answer our Designs in that, it is sufficient. The Criticks would make a Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether *VIRGIL* could not have writ bitter *Satires*, or *HORACE* a good *Epick* Poem.

But

But to return from this Digression to my Design; I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good fortune not to prejudice his Memory for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals and Instruments, shine in Verse: There are hardly any of those, which, in the *Latin* Tongue, are not in themselves beautiful and expressive; and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet, I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, though in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I cannot leave the CYDER, without taking notice, that the two Books are addressed to two Gentlemen, of whom it

is
 † See Mr. Smith's Poem.
 & is
 by the Count of Enckwyl.

xxv) *The LIFE of*

is enough to say, that they were Mr. PHILIPS's Friends and Favourers, and whose Characters, without the help of a weaker Hand, will be transmitted to Posterity. Nor must we omit that signal Honour which this Piece received after his Decease, in being translated into *Italian* by a Nobleman of *Florence*, an Honour which the Great *BOILEAU was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtained, in a Language of much less Delicacy and Politeness. It may be some Pleasure to observe the Turn which Mr. SMITH gives this Passage, in the following Verses:

See mighty COSMO's Counsellor and Friend,
By Turns on COSMO, and the Bard attend;
Rich in the Coins and Busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home;
In them he views her Gods, and Domes design'd,
In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL's
(mighty Mind:

Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.

† See Mr. Smith's Poem.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xxvij

*To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.*

20 All that we have left more of this Poet, is a Latin ODE, inscribed to the Honourable HENRY St. JOHN, Esq; (now Lord BOLINGBROKE) which is certainly a Masterpiece: The Style is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay, facetious Humour of HORACE. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our Own; and as HORACE was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his Way, as well as that of the admired VIRGIL.

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them; being convinced that these are all which he finished; and it would be an Injury to his Ashes, to print any imperfect Sketches which he
10 never

never designed for the Publick. It might perhaps, please some to see the first Essays of a great Genius; but considering how apt we are to impose upon ourselves and others in Matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputation of the Writer for the Fancy of the Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some Men have delighted in, of informing the World how Young they were when they composed some particular Pieces; if they are not good, it is no matter at what Age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great Chance if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in respect of our Author's farther Designs, only that we are assured by his Friends, that he intended to write a Poem upon the Resurrection; and the Day of Judgment, in which, it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own Performances. That Subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in that solemn Style which he makes use of, and by one whose just Notions of

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xxix

of Religion, and true Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his Reader without a wild Enthusiasm :

---- *Extra flammantia Menia Mundi.* Lucret.

MILTON has given a few fine Touches upon the same ; but still there remains an inexhaustible Store of Materials to be drawn from the Prophets, the Psalmists, and the other Inspired Writers, which, in his Poetical Dress, might, without the false Boasting of Old Poets, have endured to the Day that it described. The meanest Soul, and the lowest Imagination, cannot think of that Time, and the Descriptions we meet with of it in Holy Writ, without the greatest Emotion, and the deepest Impression. What then might we not expect from the believing Heart of a good Man, and the regulated Flights and Raptures of an excellent Christian Poet ? His Friend, Mr. Smith, seems to be of the same Opinion ; and as he was a better Judge of the Scheme which he had laid down, and probably had seen the first Rudiments of his Design, we shall

xxx The LIFE of M.

shall finish this Head with his Verses on
that Occasion

Ob! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
How the Last Trumpet makes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread,
How opening Heav'ns their happy Regions show,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow,
And Saints rejoice Above, and Sinners howl Below.
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Those who have had either any Know-
ledge of his Person, or Relish of his Com-
positions, will easily agree in the Judg-
ment here given, as the generality of
Men of Sense and Learning have alrea-
dy done in respect of those which he lived
to publish. For my part, I never heard
but of * One who took it in his Head

to

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

Mr JOHN PHILIPS. [xxx]

to censure his Writings; and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that He has the Honour to stand alone in that Reflexion. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the Fruits of his latter Spring, by comparing them with the Crudities of his First. That *Saint* upon our Author has, with its other Brethren, been dead long since; and, I believe, the World would have quite forgot that ever it had any Being, had not Mr. SMITH taken care to inform us of it in a Work of a more durable Nature.

However, tho' there is this one unjust Exception to his Writings, there is none to his Life, which was distinguished by a natural Goodness, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an universal Charity, and a steady Adherence to his Principles. No one observed the natural and civil Duties of Life with a stricter Regard, whether those of a Son, a Friend, or

of the spirit of the Faculty (by whom he was generally beloved) he only got some

† *Creation, a Poem.*

* *His Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips.*

xxxij .2 9 *The LIFE of*

or a Member of a Society; and he had the Happiness to fill every one of these Parts without even the Suspicion either of Undutifulness, Insincerity, or Disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his Virtues to the Happiness of his Constitution, but the Frame of his Mind; inasmuch that during a long and lingering Sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest Temper, he never betrayed any Discontent or Uneasiness, the Integrity of his Heart still preserving the Cheerfulness of his Spirits. And if his Friends had measured their Hopes of his Life only by his Unconcernedness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepared for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering Consumption, attended with an Asthma; and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, removed to the Bath, where, altho' he had the assistance of the ablest of the Faculty (by whom he was generally beloved) he only got some

present
Poem to the Memory of Mr. Phillips.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xxxiiij

present Ease; and went from thence, but with small Hopes of a Recovery; and upon the Return of his Distempers, he died at *Hereford* the 15th of *February* ensuing, *Anno 1708*.

He was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*; and the following Inscription is upon his Gravestone.



JO-

xxxiv *The LIFE of*
JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
 { Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

*Offa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi
Westmonasteriense.*

*Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit
Dicat elegans illa & præclara ;
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.*

*Quàm interim erga Cognatus pius & officiosus
Testetur hoc saxum*

*A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissimâ,
Dilecti Filii Memoriam non sine Lacrymis dicatum.*
The

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. XXXV

S The Monument referred to, at Westminster, in this Inscription, stands between those of CHAUCER and DRAYTON, and was erected to his Memory by Sir SIMON HARCOURT, late Lord Chancellor; an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. FREIND, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions.

*Hærefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,*

xxxvj *The L I F E of*

Eximiâ morum simplicitate,

Honestavit.

Literarum Amœniorum satim,

Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cæperat,

Inter Aedis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo Musarum Domicilio

Præclaris Emulorum studiis excitatus,

Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,

Carmina sermone Patrio composuit

A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,

Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,

Versuum quippe Harmoniam

Rythmo didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi

Ad res ipsas apto profus, & attemperato,

Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus

Non

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. XXXVII

Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono

Meteri.

Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,

Primoq; pæne Par.

Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres

Ornandas sumserat,

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, & affecutus est,

Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,

Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Huic,

Auso licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere

A Poesis Anglicanæ Pater, atq; Conditor Chaucere

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium

Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON

xxxvii] *The LIFE of*

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,

Viri bene de se, deque Literis meriti

Quoad viveret, Fautor,

Post Obitum pie memor,

Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit,



J. PHILIPS STERHANI, S.T.P. Archi-
diaconi Salop, Filius natus est Bamptoniæ
in Agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.
Obiit Herefordiæ. Febr. 15. 1708.



Thus

21 MON

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. xxxix

Thus much we thought proper to speak of the *Life and Character* of Mr. PHILIPS; following Truth in every Part, and endeavouring to make both Him and his Writings, an Example to others; or, if that cannot be attained through our own Defect, at least to shew, that a *Good Poet* and a *Good Man* are not Names always inconsistent.

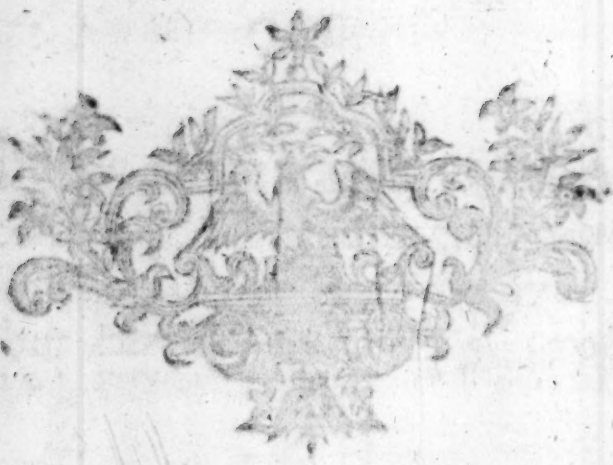


Mr. John Phillips xxxix

Thus much we thought proper to
speak of the Life and Character of Mr.
Phillips; following Truth in eve-
ry Part, and endeavouring to make both
Him and his Writings, an Example to
others; or, if that cannot be attained
through our own Defect, at least to shew,
that a Good Poet and a Good Man are not

Names always inseparable

62 00 21





A N
O D E

T O

Henry St. John, Esq;

I N

L A T I N and E N G L I S H.





IN A

O D E



Henry St. John, Esq.

IN

Latin and English



S I R,

C. C. C. OXON.

Oct. 23. 1719.



According to my Promise
I have here sent you the
O D E, as well translated
as the Piece would bear;
it being of that Nature,
that abundance of the Beauties of the O-
riginal must be lost by the best Translation
in English. It was Mr. *Philips's* peculiar
Talent to be very grave and serious on
Trifles, and to treat the most ludicrous
Subjects in a pompous solemn Manner.
Tho' he gave his Readers more Satisfa-
ction by his serious Mirth and Raillery
than any other Author could by the finest
Turns and Strokes of Wit. Dr. *Swift*,
Dr. *King* and Himself, have succeeded
best in this sort of Writing, which they
have all borrowed from *Virgil's* Manner
of Describing the OEconomy of B E E S.

Such as it is, I hope You and the World
will pardon; which is the utmost I can
expect from either.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.

B

T. N.



O D E

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig

I.

O Qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus Herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, & suaveolentes
Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos;

II.

Qui solus acris respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, Soles:

III, Ecquid



A N
O D E
T O
Henry St. John, Esq;

I.

O Thou from *INDIA*'s fruitful Soil,
That dost that sovereign Herb * prepare;
In whose rich Fumes I lose the Toil
Of Life, and every anxious Care :
While from the fragrant lighted Bole,
I suck *new* Life into my Soul :

II.

THOU, only THOU ! art kind to view
The parching Flames that I sustain ;
Which with cool Draughts Thy Casks subdue
And wash away the thirsty Pain,
With Wines, whose Strength and Taste we prize,
From *Latian* Suns and nearer Skies.

III. Oh !

* TOBACCO.

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
 Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum,
 Pimplæa, Carmen, desidésque
 Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
 Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
 Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
 Explicuit Venusinus alas :

V.

Solers modorum, seu Puerum, trucem.
 Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas
 Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
 Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

VI. At

III.

Oh! say, to bless thy pious Love,
 What Vows, what Offerings shall I bring?
 Since I can spare, and Thou approve
 No other Gift, O hear me sing!
 In Numbers *Phæbus* does inspire,
 That strings for Thee the charming Lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid Sky,
 I stretch my Wing, and fain would go
 Where *Rome's* sweet Swan did whilom fly;
 And soaring, left the Clouds below;
 'The Muse invoking to indue
 With Strength, his Pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he sings great *BEAUTY's* Praise,
 Loves gentle Pain, or tender Woes;
 Or chuse, the Subject of his Lays,
 The blushing Grape, or blooming Rose;
 Or near cool *CYRRHA's* rocky Springs
MÆCENAS listens while he sings.

VI. Yet

VI.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi, sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiâque testæ.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
Celebriorum; sed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus

VIII.

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tua munera
Gratus recorder, Mercurialium
Princeps Virorum! & ipse Musæ
Cultor, & usque colende Musis!

Sed

VI.

Yet H E, no nobler Draught could boast,
 His Muse, or Musick to inspire,
 Tho' all *FALERNUM*'s purple Coast,
 Flow'd in each Glas, to lend Him Fire:
 And on his Tables us'd to smile
 The Vintage of rich *CHIO*'s Isle.

VII.

MÆCENAS deign'd to hear his Songs,
 His Muse extoll'd, his Voice approv'd;
 To T H E E a fairer Fame belongs,
 At once more pleasing, more lov'd.
 Oh! teach my Heart to bound its Flame,
 As I record thy Love and Fame.

VIII.

Teach me the Passion to restrain,
 As I my grateful Homage bring;
 And last in *PHŒBUS*' humble Train
 The first and brightest Genius sing.
 The Muses Favourite pleas'd to live,
 Paying them back the Fame they give.

IX. But

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit

Receptus ægre spiritus, ilia

Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum

Tussis agens sine more pectus,

X.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu ;

Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum

Distillet in venas, Tuæque

Lenis opem ferat haustus Uvæ.

XI.

Hanc fumo, parcis & Tibi poculis

Libo salutem ; quin precor, Optima

Ut usque Conjux fospitetur.

Perpetuo recreans amore

IX.

But oh ! as greatly I aspire
 To tell my Love, to speak thy Praise,
 Boasting no more its sprightly Fire,
 My Bosom heaves, my Voice decays ;
 With Pain I touch the mournful String
 And pant and languish as I sing.

X.

Faint Nature now demands that Breath,
 That feebly strives thy Worth to sing !
 And would be hush'd and lost in Death,
 Did not thy Care kind Succours bring !
 Thy pitying Cask my Soul sustain,
 And call new Life in every Vein.

XI.

The sober Glass I now behold,
 Thy Health, with fair *FRANCISCA*'s joyn,
 Wishing her Cheeks may long unfold
 Such Beauties, and be ever Thine ;
 No Chance the tender Joy remove,
 While She can please, and Thou canst love.

XII.

Te consulentem Militiæ super
Rebus Togatum, Macte! Tori decus
Formosa cui *Francisca* cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo!

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui *Venus* insidet!
Tu sorte felix; me *Maria*
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo Puellas.

Hanc

(11)

XII. X

Thus while by You the *British* Arms
Triumphs and distant Fame pursue ;
The yielding F A T R resigns her Charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too ;
Her snowy Neck, Her Breast, Her Eyes,
And all the Nymph becomes your Prize.

XIII.

What comely Grace, what Beauty smiles,
Upon her Lips what Sweetness dwells ?
Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
Nor V E N U S self so much excels ;
What different Fates our Passions shate,
While you enjoy, and I despair ?

XIV.

* M A R I A's Form as I survey,
Her Smiles a thousand Wounds impart ;
Each Feature steals my Soul away,
Each Glance deprives me of my Heart.
And chasing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own Image only, there.

XV.

Mrs. Mary Meers, Daughter to the late Principal of Brazen-nose.

XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutuae
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil

Suspiro ; nec jam Vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.



21 00 62

F I N I S.

XV.

XV.

Altho' my anxious Breast despair,
And sighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet for the lov'd relentless Fair
By Night I wake, by Day I burn.
Nor can thy Gifts soft Sleep supply,
Or sooth my Pains, or close my Eye.



The E N D.

(13)

X.V.

Altho' my anxious Breast desires,
And sighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet for the lov'd relentless Fair
By Night I wake, by Day I burn.
Nor can thy Gills lost Sleep supply,
Or soothe my Pains of lonely Eye.

26 00 12



The E. N. D.



The Splendid Shilling.

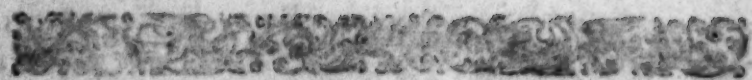
A N
IMITATION
O F
MILTON.

By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

The Fourth Correct Edition.

————— Sing, heav'nly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.





The Splendid Shilling.

A N

IMITATION
MILLION.



By Mr. John Phillips.

The Fourth Correct Edition.

Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breches, and Chimera's due.
Sing, dearest Muse,





IMITATION

MILTON.

Happy the Man, who void of Cares and
Solicitude,

In silken or in leathern Purse retains

A Splendid Shilling, He not hears with Pain

New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale;

But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,

To Juniper's, Magpye, or Town-Hall repairs:

Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton

(Eye

Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,

Chloe, or *Phillis*; he each circling Glass

Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.

Mean while, he smoaks and laughs at merry Tale,

Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.

But I, whom griping Penury furrounds,

And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,

With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff

(Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps sustain:

Then solitary walk, or doze at home

In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff

Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black

As Winter Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet,

Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:

Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size

Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,

Sprung

The Splendid Shilling. 21

Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in romantick Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Eclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

'Thus, while my joyless Minutest tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and silent pace, a *Dunn*,
Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel ascends;
With vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know

The

The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound,
 What shou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole; strait my bristling Hairs erect
 Thro' sudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
 My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell)
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
 So horrible he seems! his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
 Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from righteous Men!) behind him
 ; abussels labatid Isiron (stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd

A Catch.

The Splendid Shilling. 23

A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Ere have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money, *Pallas* sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken
This Caitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn

An

24 *The Splendid Shilling.*

An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
 Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure Ruin. So her disembowel'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies : She secret stands
 Within her woven Cell ; the humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their Arts, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely hue ;
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangl'd in her Snares,
 Useless Resistance make : With eager Strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant Drags.

The Splendid Shilling. 25

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts
With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of
Wood;
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights, distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree:
Mean while, I labour with eternal Drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:

D

But

26 *The Splendid Shilling.*

But if a Slumber haply does invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
 Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale :
 In vain ; awake I find the settled Thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.
 Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
 Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in Decay :
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
 'My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdued, (what will not Time subdue !)
 An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice

Wide

The Splendid Shilling. 27

Wide, discontinuous ; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' the *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd
Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea ; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming ; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,

The Splendid Shilling.

They stare, they laye, they pump, they swear,
(they pray ;

(Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in

Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,

The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.



Admits the Sea ;

The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,

Resists, Overwhelming ; Horrors seize

They



BLEINHEIM:

A

POEM,

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

Robert Harley, *Esq;*

By Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

The Sixth Edition.



~~THE HISTORY OF THE~~

BLEINHEIM:

P O F M



Interd. to

Robert Harley Esq.

By Mr. John Phillips

The Great Edition

~~THE HISTORY OF THE~~



The willing Genius to the Muses Seat :

BLENNHEIM:

A
POEM.

FROM low and abject Themes the growling
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
 Of *Britain's* Hero : May the Verse not sink
 Beneath his Merits, but detain a while
 Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (tho' thy Country's
 Depends

Depends on Thee, tho' Mighty *ANN E* requires
 Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art
 Thy self adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing Genius to the Muses Seat :
 Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontroll'd
 Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Humane Force
 Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,
 As *erib Sesostris*, (proud *Egyptian* King)
 That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't,
 (Base Servitude !) and his dethron'd Compeers
 Lash'd furious ; they in fullen Majesty
 Drew the uneasy Load ; Nor less he aim'd
 At Universal Sway : For *WILLIAM*'s Arm
 Could naught avail, however fam'd in War,
 Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd

To

To curb his Pow'r enormous ; like an Oak,
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores:
 So stood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
 The *European* Thrones combin'd and still
 Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,
 But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of
 (War
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
 Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreame
 Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristine Worth
 The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
 Sweet native Home for unaccustom'd Air,
 And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
 Portend Distempers ; over dank, and dry,
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
 Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight

34 BLEINHEIM:

Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
 All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
 The Tract of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small
 Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wise, and Just,
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
 The best of Queens :) He, of the Royal Store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
 Of sweet Repose, industrious to procure
 The Soldiers Ease; to Regions far remote
 His Care extends, and to the *British* Host
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wisht Ap-
 (proach
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,
 With

With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
 New animated rouse : not more rejoice
 The miserable Race of Men, that live
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky ;
 When first the Sun with new-born Light removes
 The long incumbent Gloom : Gladly to Thee
 Heroic Laurel'd E U G E N E yields the Prime,
 Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
 In Military Honour next, altho'
 His deadly Hand shook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
 Victorious ; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,
 Won from th'encroaching Sea : That Sword Great
 CANNE
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puiffant Side,

36 BLEINHEIM :

When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights a-

(mong

Illustrating the Noble List ; Her Hand

Affures good Omens, and Saint George's Worth

Enkindles like Desire of high Exploits.

Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War

Rowl in thy eager Mind ; thy Plumy Crest

Nods horrible, with more terrific Port

Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion*

(hope

From thy Atchievements ! yet Thou hast surpass'd

Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes

Could fear, or fancy ; they, in Multitude

Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain

Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what

From ransom'd Captives would accrue: Thus One

Jovial his Mate bespoke ; O Friend, observe,
 How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they
 (come
 Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant Force ; how will their Bodies stript
 Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures fate
 Their Maws with full Repast ! Another, warm'd
 With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd ;
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
 Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms ! or if This
 (Hand
 Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
 Confounded, and appal'd ! no trivial Price
 Should

38 BLEINHEIM:

Should set Him free, nor small should be My

(Praise

To lead Him shackl'd, and expos'd to Scorn

Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty

(Taunts

And Menaces express; nor could their Prince

In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech

Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? Why

Decline thy War? Shall a Morals forbid

Your easie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,

Safe of Access. Imprudent thus t' invite

A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boast

He ill abides, Captive in other Plight

He soon revivits *Britanny*, that once

Resplendent came, with stretcht Retinue girt,

And

And pompous Pageantry ; O hapless Fate,
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd.

No need such Boasts, or Exprobrations false
Of Cowardise ; the Military Mound

The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour

For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.

And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,

Signal of Onset, Resolution firm

Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.

The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,

Collecting all their Might ; for on th' Event

Decisive of this bloody Day depends

The Fate of Kingdoms : With less Vehemence

The great Competitors for Rome engag'd,

Cesar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,

Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,

Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.

40 *BLIENHEIM:*

Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
 Bold Champion ! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
 Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field !
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
 Presumptuous comes : Here *CHURCHILL*, not
 (so prompt
 'To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
 With *EUGENE's* *German* Force. Now from each
 (Van
 The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
 Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
 Of Smoak sulphureous ; intermixt with these
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
 Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
 Surprizing Slaughter ; on each side they fly
 By Chains connext, and with destructive Sweep
 Behead whole Troops at once ; the hairy Scalps
 Are

Are whirl'd aloof; while numerous Trunks be-
 (strow
 Th'ensanguin'd Field; with latent Mischief stor'd
 Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
 Disploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel,
 And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
 A thousand ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
 Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout
 With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
 Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
 Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and
 (Gore
 Lye clotted; lifeless some: With Anguish these
 Gnashing,

42 BLEINHEIM:

Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
 Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
 Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
 Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
 Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
 None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
 Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,
 Levying their equal Force with utmost Rage;
 Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing
 (where

The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed
 Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
 O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds

Gnashing

Rowling

Rowling in Death : Destruction, grim with Blood,
 Attends his furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
 Descrying from afar some Engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd
 By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
 With Aim direct the level'd Bullet flew,
 But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless plough'd
 (her Way
 Beneath his Courser ; round His Sacred Head
 The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
 With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows
 Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O ! beware
 Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
 Expose the *British* Safety : Hath not *Jove*
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw ? Reserve
 Thyself for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
 EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,

44 *B L E I N H E I M*:

Awaits; This Day of all his Honours gain'd
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
 Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou
 So brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
 To bite the Ground unnoted. — Swift, and Fierce
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
 The yielding Wing; in *Gallic* Blood again
 He dews his reeking Sword, and strows the
 (Ground
 With headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
 His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes'* Son,
 For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles renown'd,
 When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd him sore
 With tilted Spears :) unmanly Dread invades
 The *French* astonish'd; straight their Thirst of
 (Blood
 They quit, and in ignoble Flight confide,
 Unseemly Yelling; distant Hills return

The

The hideous Noise. What can They do? or how
 Withstand His wide-destroying Sword? or, where
 Find Shelter thus repuls'd? Behind with Wrath
 Resistless, th' Eager *English* Champions press,
 Chastising tardy Flight; before them rowls
 His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep,
 Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,
 New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They
 (saw
 Themselves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
 To fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
 Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
 On the firm Land; the rest discomfited,
 And pusht by *MARLBOROUGH's* avengeful
 (Hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood:

Bands

46 BLEINHEIM :

Bands, num'rous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
 That swell'd the *Erythrean* Wave, when wall'd
 The unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
 Observant of the great Command. Upborne
 By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
 In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore;
 Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive
 To cut th' outrageous Fluent : In this Distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew
 Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates
 Sustain; vain Love, tho' laudable ! absorpt
 By a fierce Eddy, They together found
 The vast Profundity ; their Horses paw
 The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil : Sur-
 (charg'd,
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
 The River flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide;
 Then

Then Rowling back, in His capacious Lap
Ingulfs Their whole Militia quick immerst.
So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire
To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge
Of *Paraba*, *Brasilian* Stream; Her Tail
Of vast Extension, from her watry Den,
A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River whirls; th' unweeting Prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted Flood rebounds,
Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moist Element a scorching Death,
Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky Cloud
The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd

48 *B L I E N H E I M :*

Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' swift-footed Son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks pursu'd
The straggling *Trojans* : Nor less eager drove
Victorious *CHURCHILL* His desponding Foes
Into the Deep immense, that many a League
Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harass'd Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Host disparted : when in Union firm
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd ;
He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,

(A lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen* Plains, this Heav'nly Gladfom Air,
Exult to see the crowding Ghosts descend
Unnumber'd ; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and drink th' Oblivious Lake.
Not so the New Inhabitants ; they roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate, themselves
Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance ; when lo ! they see,
Thro' the Dun Mist, in blooming Beauty fresh,
Two lovely Youths, that amicably walkt
O'er verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conquests ; One, to Empire born,
Egregious Prince, whose manly Childhood shew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unspeakable ; Thou, his Associate dear
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,

G

Shouldst

50 *BLEINHEIM*:

Shouldst CHURCHILL be ! But Heav'n severe cut

(short

Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should

(boast

Gifts so important ! Them the *Gallic* Shades

Surveying, read in either radiant Look

Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,

Delighted ; 'till, in One, their curious Eye

Discerns their Great Subduer's awful Mien,

And corresponding Features Fair ; to Them

Confusion ! Streight the Airy Phantoms fleet,

With headlong Haste, and dread a new Pursuit ;

The Image pleas'd, with Joy Paternal, Smiles.

Enough, O Muse ; the sadly-pleasing Theme

Leave, with these dark Abodes, and re-ascend

To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait

The Conqu'ror, and sav'd Nations joint Acclaim.

Hark, how the Cannon, inoffensive Now,
Gives Signs of Gratulation ; struggling Crowds
From ev'ry City flow ; with ardent Gaze,
Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
Infatiate ; whilst his Great Redeeming Hand
Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
How *Prussia's* King transported, entertains
His Mighty Guest ; to Him the Royal Pledge,
Hope of his Realm, commits (with better Fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief, *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.
See, with what Joy, him L E O P O L D declares
His Great Deliverer ; and courts t' accept
Of Titles, with superior Modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns ; Despair and
(Fear

52 *B L E I N H E M :*

Now first he feels ; his Laurels all at once
Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's Extream,
Distract his Soul ; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp
Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer :
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
Torment the *Boian* Prince ? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torne from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Comfort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land ;
Deplorable ! but that his Mind averse
To Right, and Insincere, would violate
His plighted Faith : Why did he not accept
Friendly Composure offer'd ? or well weigh,

With

With Whom he must contend? Encount'ring

(fierce

The *Solyman* Sultan, he o'erthrew

His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd

With *Painim* Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*

Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,

Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,

Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees

Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief

Of Him, he once defy'd. O destitute

Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou should'st first have

(thought

Of persevering steadfast; now upbraid

Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring Heart.

Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' thy Default,

Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,

Best Men, that warr'd still firmly for their Prince,

Tho' faithless, and unshaken Duty shew'd;

Worthy

54 BLEINHEIM:

Worthy of better End. Where Cities stood,
 Well fenc'd, and numerous, Desolation reigns,
 And Emptiness; dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
 The Widow, and the Orphan strole around
 The Desert wide; with oft retorted Eye
 They view the gaping Walls, and poor Remains
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome
 (Haunts
 Of Birds obscene) bewailing loud the Loss
 Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er manly Prime,
 Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
 As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find
 Where to retire themselves, or where appease
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
 To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of savage Beasts.

Thrice happy *Albion*! from the World disjoin'd
 By Heav'n propitious, blisful Seat of Peace!

Learn

Learn from thy Neighbour's Miseries to prize
Thy Welfare; crown'd with Nature's choicest Gift,
Remote thou hear'st the dire Effect of War,
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
And Peril, whilst the dismal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;
From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth de-
(scends
Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
With utmost Hazard to Enthroned their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
And wild Uproar: The Natives dubious whom
They must obey, in Consternation wait,
Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
Hath

56 BLEINHEIM:

Hath EUGENE caus'd ! How many Widows curse
 His cleaving Faulchion ! Fertile Soil in vain !
 What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
 Best Boon of Heav'n ! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
 With Olives, when the cruel Battle mows
 The Planters, with their Harvest immature ?
 See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
 The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
 In Battailous Array, while *Volga's* Stream
 Sends opposite, in shaggy Armour clad,
 Her Borderers ; on mutual Slaughter bent,
 They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vex'd
 With Civil Broils, while Two elected Kings
 Contend for Sway ? Unhappy Nation, left
 Thus free of Choice ! The *Englisch*, undisturb'd
 With such sad Privelege, submit obey
 Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence
 (due,
 Not

Not Thralldom, in fit Liberty secure.
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
 Thou ANN A rulest, prudent to promote
 Thy People's Ease at home, not studious less
 Of Europe's Good ; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
 Sole Arbiters, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
 Sue for Relief ; Thou bid'st Thy CHURCHILL
 Succour the injur'd Realms, defeat the Hopes
 Of Haughty LOUIS, unconfin'd ; He goes
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
 In one Great Day. Again, Thou giv'st in charge
 To Rook, that He should let that Monarch know,
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
 Is Thine ; behold ! with winged Speed He rides
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t'assert
 Thy liquid Kingdoms ; at his near Approach
 The Gallic Navies, impotent to bear
 His volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
 And bless the friendly interposing Night.

H

Hail,

58 BLEINHEIM:

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reserv'd by Fate, to
(grace

The new-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound,
Hesperian, Calpe, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland Waves!
Let Others, with insatiate Thirst of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praise
Be still, to study Right, and quell the Force
Of Kings perfidious; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd,
Shall with Success be crown'd, where Justice fails.
Thou, with Thy own Content, not for Thyself,
Subduest Regions; Generous to raise
The suppliant Knee, and cure the Rebel Neck.
The *German* boasts Thy Conquests, and enjoys
The great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy conscious Mind.

Aufpi-

Auspicious QUEEN, since in thy Realms se-
 Of Peace Thou reign'st, and Victory attends
 Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
 Europe embroil'd, still Thou (for Thou alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
 Reciprocally ruinous; Say, who
 Shall weild the *Hesperian*, who the *Polish* Sword,
 By thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear
 Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should
 Their stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in
 Make Them remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, aw'd to Peace, extol
 Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,
 And Hate infernal banisht, shall retire
 To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,
 Or *Tartary*, engend'ring Discords fell
 Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
 Pacifick, and inviolable Love
 Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
 Returning! In perpetual Tenor run

60 BLEINHEIM, &c.

Delectable, and shed your Influence sweet
On Vertuous *ANN*'s Head ; ye happy Days,
By *HER* restor'd, Her just Designs compleat,
And, mildly on *HER* shining, bless the World.

Thus from the noisy Crowd exempt, with Ease
And Plenty blest, amid the mazy Groves ;
(Sweet Solitude !) where warbling Birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
Of *SAINT JOHN*, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
To sing *Britannic* Trophies, ineexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt ; while He intent
(So *ANN*'s Will ordains) to expedite
His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
To string his charming Shell ; but when return'd
Consummate Peace shall rear Her chearful Head,
Then shall His *CHURCHILL* in sublimer Verse
For ever triumph ; latest Times shall learn
From such a Chief to Fight, and Bard to Sing.

21 OCT 62



CYDER.

A

POEM.

R.



M.





CYDER.

A

POEM.

In TWO BOOKS.

—*Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo? Virg.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn*
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CYDER



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T
A



CYDER.

B O O K I.



WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what
Care is due
To Orchards, timeliest when to press
the Fruits,

Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse
Adventrous I presume to sing; of Verse

Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,
Attend my Layes; nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Mostyn*, whose Benevolence,
And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.
May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern, to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus* nipping Force,
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;
Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth
Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,
Invigorating tender Seeds; whose Breath
Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Hesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.
Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:
But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling Show'rs

Diffill, from the high Summits down the Rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,
The Orchats smile; joyous the Farmers see
Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary Care, in vain
He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes
Pamona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
Rejoycing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so, oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,

Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
 The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
 Devoid of Spirit; wretched He, that quaffs
 Such wheyish Liquors; oft with Colic Pangs,
 With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
 And tofs, and turn, and curse th' unwholsome Draught,
 But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
 Grow wavy on the Tith, that Soil select
 For Apples; thence thy Industry shall gain
 Ten-fold Reward; thy Garners, thence with Store
 Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy Press with purest Juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
 Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.
 Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,
 Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
 And *Sutton-Acres*, drench'd with Regal Blood
 Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast

Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
To treat of Spoufals: Long connubial Joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Elfrida's Beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of Hopes — Oh! hardest Fate, to fall
By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
Of *Marcley-Hill*; the Apple no where finds
A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,
This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
Forfaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange
For Law-Debates? If, therefore, thou incline
To deck this Rife with Fruits of various Tastes,
Fail not by frequent Vows t'implore Success;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe,

But

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her Gifts) an happy Soil shou'd be with-held;
 If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot,
 Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
 Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones
 And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy Toil; the sturdy Pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest Root
 Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is uselefs made ; nor is there Land,
 But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
 Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
 The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
 Sufficient; after them the Cackling Goose,
 Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.

What

What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the cliffy Height
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence
Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,
Cut Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gust
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,
And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of Increase,
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck

Befmear

Befmear the Roots; in vain! the nurfling Grove
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster Earth;
But, when the alien Compoft is exhaust,
It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,
In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
Th' Industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
And darts his fultriest Beams, portending Drought,
Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
A juft Supply of alimental Streams,
Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes
He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
Th' autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men
Perceive his Influence dire; sweltring they run
To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: But if the Spring
Preceding shou'd be destitute of Rain,
Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
Then woe to Mortals! *Titan* then exerts
His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys;
Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face
Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,

Reign

Reign far and near; grim Death, in different Shapes,
Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood, and [Worth,
O fairest *St. John*!) left this toilsome World
In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year:
Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
Of Death arrest; She with the Vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient Fame
The Annals trace, and image to thy Mind,

How

How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulf'd
By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands
Victorious, this our Other World subdu'd,
A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
Of Kings, and Heroes resolute in War,
Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontroul'd, and free,
'Till all-subduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.
Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submit, she
Undemolish'd stood, and even 'till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* Art
A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* Hands

Arose;

Arose; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averſe
Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
Labour'd with Thirſt, *Aquarius* had not ſhed
His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
Solſtitial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax
The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darkſom Caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded Roar
Of brazen Enginry, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The Baſtion of a well-built City, deem'd
Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
Cloſely imprifon'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow Cells; and, their full Strength
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid Maſs
Upheav'd, and all her Caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt Seat; old *Vaga's* Stream,
Forc'd

Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
Forsook, and drew her humid Train aslope,
Crankling her Banks: And now the low'ring Sky,
And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
Distress'd? Whence seek for Aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives Signs
Of Wrath and Desolation? Vain were Vows,
And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect!
Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick Mood,
Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells
Rend the dark Welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,
Despair, of abject Look: At ev'ry Gate

The

The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
 Press furious, and, too eager of Escape,
 Obstruct the easie Way; the rocking Town
 Supplants their Footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
 Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with Wine; when lo!
 The Ground adast her riven Mouth disparts,
 Horrible Chasm, profound! with swift Descent
 Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,
 Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
 Of endless Night. Mean while, the loosen'd Winds
 Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
 Hurl'd high above the Clouds; till, all their Force
 Consum'd, her ravenous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
 Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
 Survives alone, nor is there found a Mark,
 Wheroby the curious Passenger may learn
 Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
 And huge unworshipp'd Bones, lasting Remains

Of that Gigantic Race; which, as he breaks
The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
She whilome stood; now *Ceres*, in her Prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-fathers Blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd Labours to pursue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
Love, and Aversion): Everlasting Hate
The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor less abhors
The *Colsworts* Rankness; but, with amorous Twine,
Clasps the tall *Elm*: The *Pæstan Rose* unfolds
Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,

(Crest

(Crest of stout *Britons*,) and inhances thence
The Price of her celestial Scent: The *Gourd*,
And thirsty *Cucumber*, when they perceive
Th' approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly
Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting Contact; whilst the *Fig*
Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage's* humble Leaf,
Close neighbouring: The *Herefordian* Plant
Caresses freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
T' approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder's* pithy Stem;
Uneasie, seated by funereal *Teugh*,
Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
All generous Fruits), or near the bitter Dews
Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Graffs.

[froth?
Wouldst thou, thy Vats with gen'rous Juice should
Respect thy Orchats; think not, that the Trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesom Draught.
Let Art correct thy Breed: from Parent Bough
A Cyon meetly sever; after, force
A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
By Wedges, and within the living Wound
Enclose the Foster Twig; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
The binding Clay: Ee'r-long their differing Veins
Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
To the new Pupil; now he shoots his Arms
With quickest Growth; now shake the teeming Trunk,
Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
Whether the *Wilding's* Fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist

It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
Of *Cyder*-Plants finds Passage free, or else
The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the Cause,
This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes
Expected best Acceptance finds, and pays
Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou'd combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what loss
To try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?
Thoul't find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms

Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants
Admit the *Peache's* odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of sundry Forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn's* Branch
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of particolour'd Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro's* Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives
Instruative to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts
From solid Counfels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then she describes
The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,

How

How under Ground the rude *Riphaean* Race
Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis*' harshest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing; when to lop
The flowing Branches; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel: She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare; by Her
The diff'rent Qualities of things were found,
And secret Motions; how with heavy Bulk
Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the Wings of Air; to Her we owe
The *Indian* Weed, unknown to ancient Times,
Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts;
Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland

It gently mitigates, Companion fir
Of Pleasantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
She found the polish'd Glas, whose small Convex
Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
The Mite, invifible else, of Nature's Hand
Least Animal; and fhews, what Laws of Life
The Cheese-Inhabitants obferve, and how
Fabrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
Wonderful Artists! But the hidden Ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames
All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb
Apply to well-dissected Kernels; lo!
Strange Forms arife, in each a little Plant
Unfolds its Boughs: obferve the slender Threads
Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
In narrow Seeds describ'd; Thou'lt wond'ring fay,

An

An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts.
Thus All things by Experience are display'd.
And Most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule
Be unassay'd; prevent the Morning Star
Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
Consume in Meditation deep, recluse
From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,
Enjoy Repose; but oft at Midnight Lamp
Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care
Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse
To lye supinely, hoping, Heav'n will bless
Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

'Twill

'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes,
Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
Fatigv'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades
Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
Dissever: for the genial Moisture, due
To Apples, otherwise mispends it self
In barren Twigs, and, for th'expected Crop,
Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
And gently harden into Fruit, the Wise
Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging Clusters thin
By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,
Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
A slender Autumn; which the niggard Soul

Too

Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
Infatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus*' Form
Avails but little; rather guard each Row
With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.
This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy represents
His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
They quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
Thy firm Inclosure, and with delving Snout

The

The rooted Forest undermine: forthwith
Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
O'er the ripe Fruitage, paring slimy Tracts
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.
No Art averts this Pest; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec draws
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also chuffring hang,
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,

Their

Their Winter Food, tho' oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay'd: but Fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom Swarms; let ev'ry Bough
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice;
They, by th'alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding sip
Their palatable Bane; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy Surface all o'er-flown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate
Their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthless Souls: Such doom
Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain!

Howe'er thou maist forbid external Force,
Intestine Evils will prevail; damp Airs,
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce

Of

Of firmeſt Fruits, and by unſeen Decay
The proper Reliſh vitiate: then the Grub
Oft unobſerv'd invades the vital Core,
Pernicious Tenant, and her ſecret Cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
Ceafeleſs; mean while the Apple's outward Form
Delectable the witleſs Swain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and ſpattering Noiſe,
He taſtes the bitter Morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſht; not with leſs Surprize, then when
Embattled Troops with flowing Banners paſs
Thro' flow'ry Meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling Surface; whilſt the cavern'd Ground,
With Grain incentive ſtor'd, by ſuddain Blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
In ſiry Whirles; full of victorious Thoughts,
Torn and diſmembred, they aloſt expire.

Now

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous'* Groves,
The Pride of the *Phæacian* Isle, from whence,
Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,
To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd:
The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley*: Be thou first
This Apple to transplant; if to the Name
It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.
Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy Care,
Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht
With many a Furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,
Quick-relishing: Why should we sing the *Thrift*,

Cod-

Codling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat
 The *Russet*, or the *Cats-Head's* weighty Orb,
 Enormous in its Growth; for various Use
 Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

What, tho' the *Pear-Tree* rival not the Worth,
 Of *Ariconian* Products? yet her Freight
 Is not condemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
 Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
 Adverse to Life, the wintry Hurricanes
 In vain imploy their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd
 Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage.
 Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.
 Thrice acceptable Bev'rage! could but Art
 Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona's* self
 Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.

Be-

Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy Canopy,
Quaffing rich Liquids: Oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Numbers shall we match
The *Musk's* surpassing Worth! that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs
With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies
The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!
Yet let her to the *Read-streak* yield, that once
Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful Hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
Taught her the savage Nature to forget:
Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant; whose Wine
Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart

D

Respect

Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
The noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
The *Red-streak* as supream; whose pulpous Fruit
With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive
Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,
Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.
Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain

All other Fields! Heav'n's sweetest Blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
And Thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits
Laughter, and Sport, and care-beguiling Wit,
And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
What shou'd we wish for more? or why, in quest
Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th'extreamest World? Why tempt the Rage
Of the rough Ocean? when our native Glebe
Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
The setting Sun near *Calpe*'s tow'ring Height.
Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
For Sov'ranty; *Phaneus* self must bow
To th' *Ariconian* Vales: And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable Wealth, or let

The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,
Will largest Usury repay, alone
Impower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires ?
The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
Give Spirit to the Grass; three Cubits high
The jointed Herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd Glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array !
Lo, how the Arable with *Barley*-Grain
Stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
Transporting Prospect ! These, as modern Use
Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
Apples of Price, and plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe

Fitting

Fitting congenial Juice; so rich the Soil,
 So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound!
 Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
 To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
 To Human Ken; nor at their Feet the Vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
 Chews verd'rous Pasture; nor the yellow Fields
 Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich Variety
 Pleasing, as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
 In flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
 A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
 Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,
 (Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
 With copious Fuel; whence the sturdy Oak,
 A Prince's Refuge once, th' æternal Guard
 Of *England's* Throne, by sweating Peasants fell'd,
 Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
 To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway

Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.
Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
Their harden'd Iron; when our Mines produce
As perfect Martial Ore? Can *Imolus*' Head
Vie with our Safron Odours? Or the Fleece
Bætic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
With *Lemster*'s silken Wool? Where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal
More prodigal of Life? In ancient Days,
The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cæsar* found
Our Fathers no mean Foes: And *Cressy* Plains,
And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with Blood, confess
What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood
Cou'd do in rigid Fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
Puissant Author of great *Chandois*' Stemm,
High *Chandois*, that transmits Paternal Worth,
Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,

T'his

T'his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer!
 That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self
 Fresh blooming in Thy Generous Son; whose Lips,
 Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win
 In deepest Councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* Shore,
 Him hardy *Britons* blest; His faithful Hand
 Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
 The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
 This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee
 Thy *Alterennis* calls: yet she endures
 Patient Thy Absence, since Thy prudent Choice
 Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
 Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store

Of universal Knowledge still supplies
His noble Care; He generous Thoughts instills
Of true Nobility, their Country's Love,
(Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
To Human Virtues: By His Genius led,
Thou soon in every Art preeminent
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail high-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of Arts,
And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hanmer, and *Bromley*; Thou, to whom with due
Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest
With like Examples, and to future Times
Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow

From

From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
Faithful Asserters: In Him centring meet
Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!
O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee,
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of slighted Worth
In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Guests; whose Board, with Plenty crown'd,
Revives

Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna's* secret Councils sits,
Weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast
Sollicitous of public Good? How large
His Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy

Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues.
Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name
Inscribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants
Will fast increafe, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchless Forms with transient Glance,
Catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd
Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
To th'honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.

And

And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,
Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves
Or Love, or Pity; friendless let him see
Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
A fair, and modest Virgin, that invites
With Aspect chaste, forbidding loose Desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav'nly Eye
Sits purest Love enthron'd: But if the Stars
Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
A Friend, with whom I mutually may share

Glad-

Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
Indelible a grateful Sense remain

Of Favours undeserv'd! — O Thou! from whom
Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise
Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
With mild, impartial Reason; what Returns
Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
Freely vouchsaf, when to the Gates of Death
I tended prone? If Thy indulgent Care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty Thoughts
Of Apples perish'd: But, uprais'd by Thee,
I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day
Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour'd Name

Of

Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancell Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
For Rule, and Power; and other's Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Honourable: Th' Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got Wealth; rather from Door to Door

A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
 Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,
 Will shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar'd
 Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
 Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
 He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
 Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
 Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
 If no Retinue with observant Eyes
 Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain
 Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
 Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape;
 Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
 Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
 Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
 Demons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
 But as a Child, whose inexperienc'd Age

Nor

Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere:
When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy Day, he to his Labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Human Race: Or else his Thoughts
Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th'wholsome Rules
Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and Hate.
Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes

*

Except

Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
Large Subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

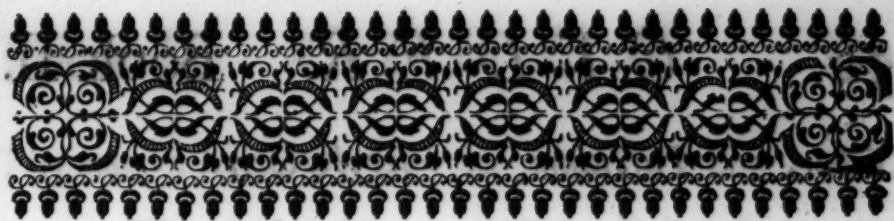
Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure; at Court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
And how t' improve his Grounds, and how himself:
Best Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
Of *Phæbus*, nor less fit *Maonides*,
Poor eylefs Pilgrim! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repast
Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
In foreign Realm: Yet not debas'd his Verse
By *Fortune's* Frowns. And had that Other Bard,
Oh, had but He that first ennobled Song

E

With

With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his Orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,
And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd !
But He—However, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,
Mean Follower. There let her rest a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

CYDER.



CYDER.

BOOK II.



Harcourt, Whom th' ingenuous Love
of Arts

Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, beyond
Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we
Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what,
Unrival'd Authors by their Presence, made
For ever venerable, rural Seats,

Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's Urn

Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs;
Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
Of Wit, and Judgement ripe in blooming Years,
And *Britain's* Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite
Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause
Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
With winning Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!
Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.

Mean while (altho' the *Massic* Grape delights
Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Fornian* Hills
Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject

Thy

Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
 Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
 O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
 Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,
 To sing of Wines, and Autumn's blest Increase.
 Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
 Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
 To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast
 Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
 Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
 In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
 The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now

To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
Thus disappointed: If the former Years
Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,
With tasteless Water wash thy droughty Throat.

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
Subvert, or cheque; uncertain all his Toil,
'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
With gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits
Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky Grain,
Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,
And the *Pine's* tastful Apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.

O let me now, when the kind early Dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among
The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd Store
Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*!
Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Larks matten Song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best Portion of the various Year, in which
Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her Works
Lovely, to full Perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Griefs disturb
Our pleasant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
The blithsome Year: Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time; e'er hasty Suns forbid
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*

Of its rich Progeny; the turgid Fruit
Abounds with mellow Liquor; now exhort
Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
To the expected Grinder: Now prepare
Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
Excessive, and a flexile Sallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
Long e'er the Vintage; but with timely Care
Shave the Goat's shaggy Beard, lest thou too late,
In vain should'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must,
Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
Whose Prime is past; the vigorous Horse disdains
Such servile Labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.

Blind

Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with Work, and Years,
Shall roll th' unweildy Stone; with sober Pace
He'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,
From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
Declining, not unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpos Mass, regale their Swine
With the dry Refuse; thou, more wise shalt steep
Thy Husks in Water, and again employ
The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
They drive, and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes,
Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots

Of

Of sickly Plants; new Vigor hence convey'd
Will yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
Such Profit springs from Husks discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew,
Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd
By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
'Till the damp *Lybian* Wind, with Tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious Blasts,
The sightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs

Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
A costly Liquor, by improving Time
Equal'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance
In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
Of strengthning *Vulcan*; with their native Strength
Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;
And, when th'allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
The tenth of thy Increase bestow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful Duty: This neglected, fear
Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
His Fields he tended with successful Care,
Early, and late, when, or unwith't for Rain
Descended, or unseasonable Frosts
Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable Glebe; recording this,
Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon
Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
Each rising Dawn; e'er Icy Crufts surmount
The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
With Light unfully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
Checques their mid Flight, and heedless while they [strain
Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The

The Woodcocks' early Visit, and Abode
Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,
Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times
Intelligent, th' harsh *Hyperborean* Ice
Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way
To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often see
Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave
With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert

Their

Their feeble Heads; the loosen'd Roots then drink
Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly Stars, their pow'ful Influence
O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply
Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* Fruit
Are prest to Wines; the *Britons* squeeze the Works
Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient Sires.

†

But,

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;
Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush
Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams
Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads,
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they
Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy

Happy *Ierne*, whose most wholesome Air
 Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
 The baleful Toad, and Viper from her Shore!
 More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
 With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
 For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide
 Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
 Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the *Belgæ*, Sedulous, and Stout,
 With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blisful Cups
 Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
 Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon
 Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use
 Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,
Beyond *Petsora*, and *Islandic* Coasts?

Where ever-during Snows, perpetual Shades
Of Darknefs, would congeal their livid Blood,
Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield
A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
They interlard their native Drinks with choice
Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot
Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,
Whom funny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams

Egregious,

Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice's* Spirit extract.
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
 In vain they covet Shades, and *Thrascias'* Gales,
 Pining with *Equinoctial* Heat, unless
 The Cordial Glafs perpetual Motion keep,
 Quick, circuiting; nor dare they close their Eyes,
 Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
 With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,
 Their frying Blood compells to irrigate
 Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
 Obnoxious, dismal Death, th' Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus'* World,
Carybbs, and they, whom the *Cotton* Plant
 With downy-sprouting Vests arrays! Their Woods
 Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
 Celestial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand
 The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,

To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink!)
They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,
Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide
Flows from th'exhilarating Fount. As, when
Against a secret Cliff, with foddain Shock
A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
Th'astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,
No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow
With early-limpid Wine. The horded Store,
And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
Kind strengthning Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
From different Mixtures, *Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,*
Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry Arch,
With lifted Colours gay, *Or, Azure, Gules,*
Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews
Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd
Their genuine Relish, and of fundry Vines
Assum'd the Flavour; one sort counterfeits
The *Spanish* Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
The sparkling *Nectar* of *Champaigne*; with that,

A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
 Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
 The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
 Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
 With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
 Of close-prest Husks is freed, thou must refrain
 Thy thirsty Soul; let none persuade to broach
 Thy thick, unwholsom, undigested Cades:
 The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
 Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive
 Præcipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
 It's earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile
 On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd
 From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.

When

When to convenient Vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
Inflex't; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd;
Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.
As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold:
So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glafs thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresist'd Force

O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
 Prevailing, turns into a fusil Sea,
 That in his Furnace bubbles funny-red :
 From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
 He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
 Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphære,
 Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
 For every Liquid, with his plastic Lungs,
 To human Life subservient; By his Means
 Cyders in Metal frail improve; the *Moyle*,
 And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
 Acquire compleat Perfection : Now they smoke
 Transparent, sparkling in each Drop, Delight
 Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
 But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
 Expect : Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
 The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
 Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*

With-

Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.
 Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
 Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
 Nor trust its Smoothness; The third circling Glass
 Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
 (That slyly speak one thing, another think,
 Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
 Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups
 Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
 And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,
 Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
 T' indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays
 To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.
 His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,
 Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand

Imparts

Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward
Of his own Industry ; the well fraught Bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds.
Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
Shine in each Face ; the Thoughts of Labour past
Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
When sullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
She varies, and of past Imprisonment
Sweetly complains ; her Liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the Bounds
Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his Home, with unupplanted Feet.
E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosie Dawn
Domestic Cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
From

From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
Sweetly' interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks
Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine;
His Joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks
His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add
Courage, and Mirth: magnificent in Thought,
Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the Poet *Bacchus*' Praise indite,
Debarr'd his Grape : The Muses still require
Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring *Phæbus*, with unmoisten'd Lips.
Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
By parching Thirst allur'd : With vehement Suns
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign

To

To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,
Secur'd of fev'rish Heats! When th' aged Year
Inclines, and *Boreas*' Spirit blusters frore,
Beware th' inclement Heav'ns ; now let thy Hearth
Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood
Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams.
Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine
The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
To Annual Jollities; now sportive Youth
Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy Swains
In clean Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
Mixt with the Buxom Damsels; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer
Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
Steal from unwary Lasses; they with Scorn,

And

And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch
Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
Provoke to harmless Revels; these among,
A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag
That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
Of future Harvest: When the *Gnossian* Crown
Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees

Dis-

Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
Exhilerate their languid Minds, within
The Golden *Mean* confin'd: Beyond, there's naught
Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
Prompts to persue the sparkling Glafs, be sure
'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
Dire Computation, forthwith Reason quits
Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once
Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant:
Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
With

With dire Intent; Bottles with Bottles clash
 In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
 The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
 Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow: What shall we say
 Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
 Dry'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
 T'exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
 Imprudent? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppress,
 Descending careless from his Couch; the Fall
 Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.
 Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
 The turbulent Mirth of Wine; nor all the kinds
 Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
 Wrought by Intemperance, joint-racking Gout,
 Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,
 Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
 Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,
 Yet craving Liquids: Nor the *Centaur's* Tale

Be here repeated ; how with Lust, and Wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove
Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
Ferment from Social Cups : May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.
Too oft alas ! has mutual Hatred drench'd
Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
Our Fathers warr'd ? What Hero's, signaliz'd
For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
Untimely, undeserv'd ! How *Bertie* fell,

Compton, and *Granvill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
 Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
 Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!
 Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
 Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
 Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?
 Apostate, Atheist Rebels! bent to Ill,
 With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
 Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t'oppose
 Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th'Event
 Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
 Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
 Abstain'd not from Imperial Bloud. O Fact
 Unparallel'd! O *Charles*! O Best of Kings!
 What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
 On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall
 Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
 Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death

By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have fav'd!
Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;
The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,
Abhorr'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
Of Monarchy; but, ah! successless She
However faithful! then was no Regard
Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once Happy, Land
By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair-revolving Years
Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty *ANN*'s Care
Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
The Rage of Kings: Here, nobly She supports
Justice oppress'd; here, Her victorious Arms
Quell the Ambitious: From Her Hand alone

All

All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
 Rejoice, O *Albion*! sever'd from the World
 By Nature's wise Indulgence, indigent
 Of nothing from without; in One Supreme
 Intirely blest; and from beginning time
 Design'd thus happy; but the fond Desire
 Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
 Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
 Destructive of the public Weal: For now
 Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
 Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
 Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
 With ruinous Assault; on every Plain
 Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,
 And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd
 By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
 Rais'd new Combustion: Thus was Peace in vain
 Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern:

'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
Of *Phæbus* Lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
Pacific Monarch; then her lovely Head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The Spirit of Love; at Ease, the Bards new strung
Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
In uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar's* Name.
Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye; the Years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury's* hallow'd Plains!
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd

With

With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves
Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest Battel; and o'er-threw
What-e'er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,
And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high
On *Gallia's* hostile Ground! his Right withheld,
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
The warlike *English*! one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,
Fierce

Feirce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front
Advance resistless, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
Of *Edward*, twice o'turn'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock :
The third time, with his wide-extended Wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
Discomfited; persu'd, in the sad Chace
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Bloud
The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins
New Authors of Dissention spring; from him
Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
For Sov'ran Sway; (and can such Anger dwell
In noblest Minds?) but little now avail'd

The

The Ties of Friendship; every Man, as lead
By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;
Sons against Fathers tilt the fatal Lance,
Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds
Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and Peasants on th' embattled Field
Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
Promiscuously amast: with dismal Groans,
And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
Some call for Aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery Coursers; Horror thus,
And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd

Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great Work?—Hail, happy Prince
Of *Tudor's* Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! Thou, Thou art He,
Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum
Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill
Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Bloud;
But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
Uninterrupted! With presaging Skill
Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus' Line*
By wise Alliance; from Thee *James* descends,
Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic King*.
To him alone, Hereditary Right
Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd

Of Discontent ; two Nations under One,
In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still persu'd
Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,
Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* said
LET THERE BE UNION; strait with Reve-
rence due
To Her Command, they willingly unite,
One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
Indissolubly firm; from *Dubris* South,
To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
What shall retard the *Britons*' bold Designs,
Or who sustain their Force; in Union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd

Of all this Globe? At this important Act
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
Dreads War from utmost *Thule*; uncontrol'd
The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
Shall wave her double Cross, t' extreamest Climes
Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus*' Wealth,
Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains
Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty sows
From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits.
The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store
Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
The Natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona*'s Wrath
In other Realms; where-e'er the *British* spread

Book II. *CYDER*. 89

Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
Wide Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

THE END.

Book II. C. D. E. A. 89

The University of the South
shall place all the
books in the hands of the
University of the South

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THE H. C. D. E. A. 89

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